

FAIRE AND

fowle vweather:

OR

A SEA AND LAND

Storme, betweene two Calmes.

WITH

An Apologie in defence of the painefull life,
and needfull use of Sailors.

By Iohn Tailor.

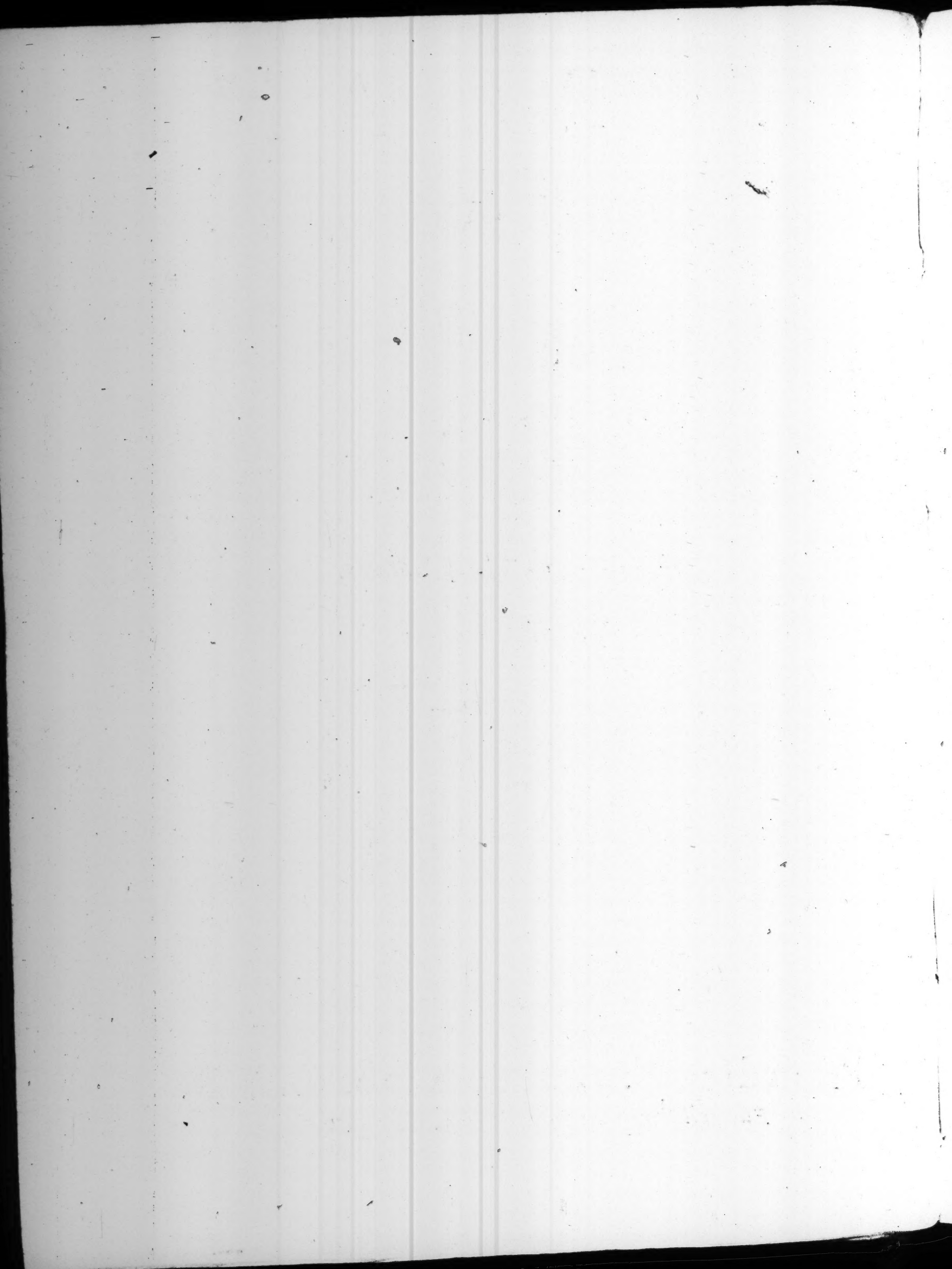


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Edward Wright at Christ-Church gate.

1615.

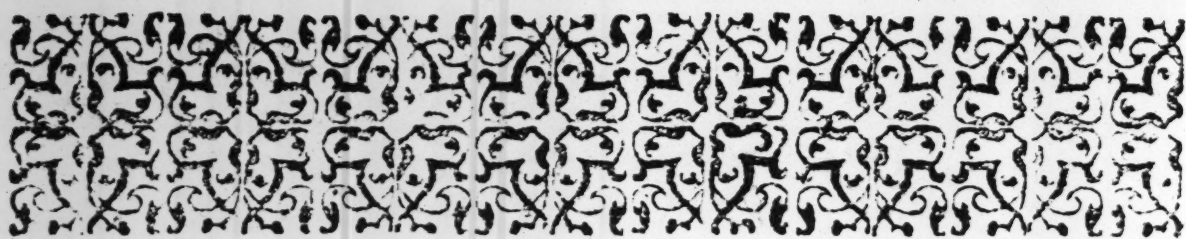




To the Iudicious vnderstanding gentle-
man, and my much approued and esteemed good
freind, Maister ROBERT BRANTHVVAITE,
Gentleman Iaylor of the Kings Maiesties Tower
of London. Iohn Taylor Dedicates
this his Poeticall Weatherworke,
with his best wishes, for your
hearts contentment.

KInde Sir, my loue to you's ingag'd so deepe,
That were I Idle, I were much ingratefull:
Or should my thanks, forgetfull, euer sleepe
In me, 'twere base, vnmanly and hatefull.
Then though I cannot pay you halfe my score,
Vouchsafe to take this trifle as a part,
As time enables me you shall haue more,
And therefore now accept my willing heart.
I know, you well doe vnderstand and know
The weake defects of my defectiue Muse,
Yet doe I hope you will this fauour shoue
That loue may her vnwilling faults excuse.
And so to your protection I commend
This Pamphlet, as vnto my deereft freind.

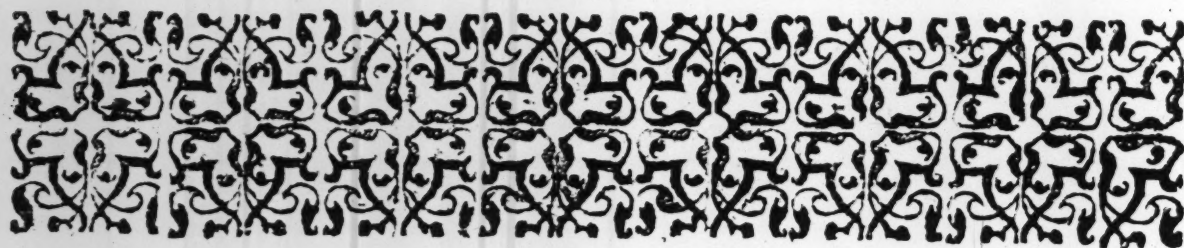
Yours in my best imployments to be commaunded.
JOHN TAYLOR.

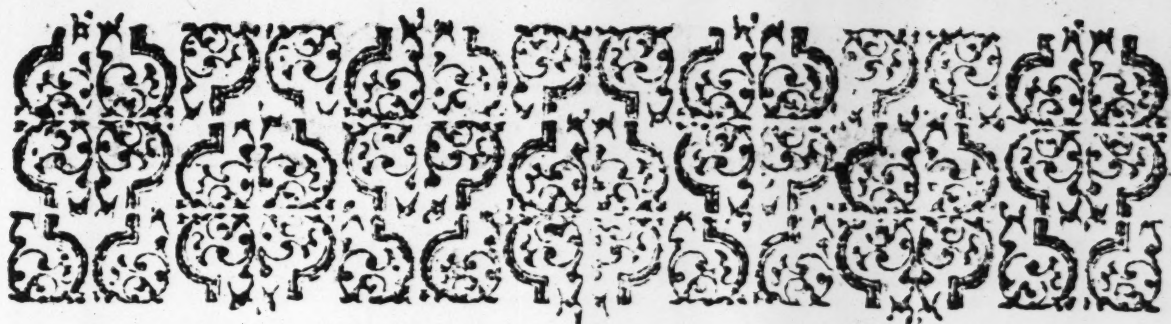


Briefly to you that will Read.

NOT unto euery one can Reade, I write;
But onely vnto those that can Reade right.
And therefore if thou canst not Read it well,
I pray thee lay it downe, and learne to spell.
But if thou wilt be hewing, (like a drudge)
Hewe on, and spare not, but forbear to Iudge.

Thine if thou beest mine,
Iohn Taylor.



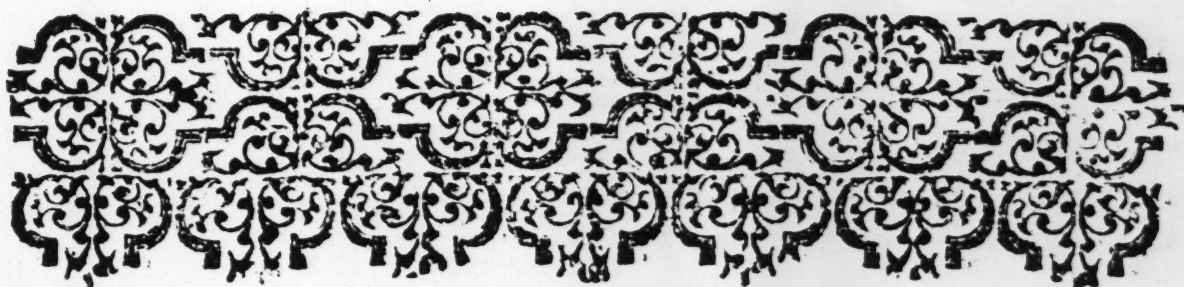


To his friend and neighbour

Maister IOHN TAYLOR.

Fierce Neptunes wrath, and Eol's angry spleene
Full many a time I haue both felt and seene,
In leaking ship, and which hath grien'd me more,
In a long night a darke Moone, and lee shore:
But such a storme as thou describest here,
Amazeth mee with wonder and with feare,
And wert thou not both Water-man and Poet
Thou neuer couldest halfe so plainely show it,
I much reioyce thou safe on shore art come,
And bid thee very kindly welcome home.

Thomas Smith.





To his friend *Iohn Tailor*.

I Cannot tell, how other men may praise
The pleasing Method, thy *Minerva* layes
In whatsoe'r it workes on, but to me
It offers much desir'd varietie,
To passe dull howres withall : with that, affords
Much ysefull matter, which with Phrase, and Words,
And all the aptest ornament of writ
Thy pen doth furnish : This last birth of wit
Is witnesse, worth beleeuing. Like the Glasse
Great Arts-men vse, in shewing things that passe
In parts farre from vs. This presents a *Flawe*,
Or *Storme at Sea* : for what I red, I sawe.
I so may speake. Me thought I had in sight,
A Clowd, as blacke as the darke Robe of Night:
Saw that dissolue, and fall in such a showre,
As (mixt with lightning, and that voice of power,
Makes Towres and Castles totter) made an howre
Full of confounding horrour. Then againe,
Mine eyes sad object, was the troubled Maine:
Sweld vp, and curl'd, with that impetuous breath,
Makes Land-men quake, and Seamen oft see death.
On this, me thought, I sawe a vessell tost,
Higher then ken, and in a minute, lost
Betweene the Mountaine-billowes: At whose rise
I sawe pale lookes, and heard the heauie cyes,
Of those sad men that man'd her : After all,
I sawe this *Storme* into a *Calmenesse* fall,
As plaine, and smooth as Christall. In thy Booke
All this is scene, as on thy lynes we looke.
If where such life is, there can want delight,
Though oft I read, Ile neuer dare to write.

Tho: B.



FAIRE AND FOWLE WEATHER.

YOV triple-treble, thrice three Nymphes Diuine,
Inspire this weake capacitie of mine,
Oh let me quaffe of your *Pegassian* bowle,
That I may write of *Weather Faire and Fowle*.
That to the life, my lynes may heere informe,

Description of a Calme, and then a Storme:
Giue me that power that my vnlearned Verse,
The Readers apprehension so may perce,
That though the Weather be exceeding faire,
They may suppose a fowle and troublous Ayre.
And when they come to reade tempestuous lines,
Then though the winde sleepe, and *Hiperion* shines,
Yet let them thinke Heauens Axletree doth cracke,
And *Atlas* throwes his burden from his backe.
I wish my Verse should such Impression strike,
That what men Read off, they should thinke the like.
For apprehension must be quicke and yare,
Imagination must be heere, and there,
For if a Tempest be but smoothly read,
It shewes the Readers Iudgement dull and dead.
Orelse to seeme to make the Welkin split,
In thundring out a Calme shewes want of wit.
Gainst Heau'n bread Poetrie 'tis the worst offence,
To haue it hack'd, and read with sencelesse sence.

The

Faire and Fowle Weather.

Then first I will describe *Faire weather*, chearefull,
To make *Fowle weather* after seeme more fearefull.
Vpon an Euening when *Apolloes* beames
Declinde vnto the occidentall streames,
As of the day he tooke his kinde adiew,
The Clowdes, vermillion, purple, red, and blewe,
Put on the radiant liueries of the Sunne,
(As quickly lost, as they were lightly wonne.)
To th'under world in hast he tooke his flight,
And left th' Horizon all in darkeneste dight:
Yet as he stoopt he glaunc'd his glorious eye,
And staine the Weikin with a Crimsen dye,
Which did betoken, (as old sawes doe say)
An Euening red, foretels a chearefull day.
Sweete *Philomela*, gainst a thorne did sing,
Exclaiming gainst the lustfull *Thracian King*,
Whilst *Progne* in the Chimneys top doth keepe
And for her selfe-borne selfe-slaine sonne doth weepe,
Madge-howlet whooting cuts the empty skyes,
The light she flees, and in the night she flies.
Bright *Cynthia* rises from her watry bed,
And shewes her pale fac'd siluer horned head:
Belighted and attended from her porch
With many an hundred thousand, thousand torch.
She light doth runne, and as she runnes doth light,
The vniuersall Arch of pitchie night.
Husht silence, (mortall foe to women kinde,
In snoring sleepe did liuing fences binde,
That (but for Rowting, and for drawing breath)
It seem'd that all-deuouring grisly death)
Without respect of person, Sex, or Lawes,
Had grasp'd the world in his insatiate pawes.
At last the Cocke proclaim'd the daies approach,
And *Titan* call'd for his Diurnall Coach.
He kist *Aurora*, and she blushing red,
Ashamed, hid her shamefac'd Maidenhead.

Faire and Fowle Weather.

Pale *Luna* is obscur'd, her race is runne,
Her light's extinguisht by the flaming *Sunne*.
The bucksome day, roab'd in a silken Calme,
With *Zepher*s downy breath, as sweete as balme
Perfum'd the vausty verge of the whole world,
When golden *Sol* his glistring beames had hurld,
And guilded tops of proud Clowd-kissing hills,
And all the world with radiant brightnesse fills.
Faire Flora had embrodered ore the field,
Whose various colours, various sents did yeild.
The gentle winde amongst the leaues did whiske,
The Goats did skip, the pretty Lambes did friske.
The brookes did warble, birds did sweetly sing,
With ioy to entertaine the glad some Spring.
Like heards of Kids the Porpoises gan leape,
The Seales and Scollopendraes, on a heape
Doe vault and caper in such actiue sort,
That *Neptune* tooke delight to see the sport.
The Mountaine Whale, in his wide yawning chaps,
Made shoales of smaller fishes fragment scraps,
To fill his endles, bowndlesse, greedie gut,
(For multitudes of littles hardly glut
Th'unbottom'd gorge of gaping thirst for more,
That pines in plentie, starues in midst of store)
Sterne Nerew slept, rap'd in a pleasant dumpe,
Whilst *Triton* pip'd leuoltoes with his Trumpe.
Old *Oceanus* nimblely skipt and praunc'd,
And turne-coate *Proteus* with faire *Thetis* daunc'd.
The scaly Dolphins mounted on the waues,
And sportiue Sturgeons one another laues.
The Seahorse did curuet, and kicke, and fling,
And without rider, mounts and runnes the ring.
Yea all the watty squadrons tooke delight,
To see the Sea so still, the day so bright.
Was neuer gentler Calme on *Neptunes* face,
All Elements in friendly sort embrace,
As if in loue they were combin'd together,

B.

To

Faire and Fowle Weather.

To giue poore mortall creatnres pleasant weather.

BVt what is't that continues permanent,
That bydes belowe the spacious firmament
Not any thing at all. Our sweet with towre
Is nixt and paine our pleastres lye denare.
The pleasant lowtales roads and alpecks breeds,
In fallow fields, are most contagious weeds.
A minutes Ioy, foreruns a month of troubles,
And vnder churche Seas a tempest bubbles.
We (in a merry humor) Ankers wayd;
And in a trice our winged sailes displaid,
And with a fresh and friendly welcome gale,
Into the Maine amaine we mainely saile.
Our steefest course, right North North East we keepe,
We found and found the Seaten fathome deepe.
We had not saild aboue a league or twaine,
But *Eolus* began to mount the Maine
Of *Neptunes* Monarchy, and with a troope
Of full mouth'd wines, that made great oaks to stoope.
With Ceders, Pines, and all well-rooted Elmes,
And topsie turvie lofty towres orewhelmes.
Resplendent *Phabus* hid his glorious light,
And day inuell'd in a Roabe of night.
Attir'd the world in a blacke mourning gowne,
As all things had bin turned vpside downe.
Ioues lightning flames, and dire amazing flashing,
At whom the Sea-God hils of water dashing,
Against the Heau'ns did seeme in rage t'aspire,
T'extinguish *Ioues* Celestial dreadfull fire.
The spungy Clouds gainst one another crusht,
And bursting, violent floods of Raine out gusht.
Orion glar'd like a tempestuous Comet,
Whilst Skyes, and Seas, did fire and water vomit.
The ratling Thunder through the Ayre did rumble,
As if Heau'ns frame into the Sea would rumble:
Whole gusts of Sea ascends and fronts the Raine,
And stormes of raine in fury falls againe,

As

Faire and Fowle Weather.

As if the Clowd contending water stroue,
Great Neptune from his Palace to remoue.
Big blustering Eoll blew confounding breath,
And thunders dreadfull larums, threatned death.
Downepowres whole floods of Raine and driu'ling fleete,
As if Heau'n, Earth, and Sea had ment to meete
In desperate opposition, to expire
The World, and vnto *Chaos* backe retire.
The rowling ruthlesse Billowes rage and rore,
And batter'd fiercely gainst the rocky shore:
Who by the rugged Crags repulsed back,
With repercussive angry threats our wracke.
Thus whilst the Wind and Seas contending gods,
In rough robustious furie were at ods,
Our beaten Barke, tost like a forcelesse feather
Twixt windes and waues, now hither and now thither,
The top-mast sometimes tilting at the Moone,
And being vp so soone, doth fall as soone,
With such precipitating low descent,
As if to Hels blacke Kingdome downe she went.
The vncontrolled *Hipperborean* blasts
Teares all to tatters, tacklings, sailes and masts.
And boystrus gusts of *Eurus* breath did hizzle,
And mongst our shrowds and Cordage wildly whizze.
Our Ship no Rudder, or no steerage feelles,
But like a Drunkard to and fro she reeles,
Vnmanag'd, guidlesse, vp and downe she wallowed,
And of the foaming waues lookes to be swallowed.
Midst darknes, lightning, thunder, fleete, and raine,
Remorceles winds, and mercie-wanting Maine,
Amazement, horror, dread, from each mans face,
Had chac'd away lifes blood, and in the place
Was blacke dispaire, with haire heau'd vp vpright,
With Ashy visage, and with sad affright,
As if grim death with his all-murdring Dart,
Had ayming bin at each mans bloodies heart.
As the Bore-swaine, lower, the top-sails lower

Faire and Fowle Weather.

Then up aloft runnes scrambling three or fower,
But yet for all their hurly burly hast,
Ere they got up, downe tumbles Saile and Mast.
Tear the maine sheate there, then the Maister cride,
Let rise the foretacke on the larboord side.
Take in the fore saile, yare good fellows, yare,
Aluffe at healm there, ware no more beware.
Sæere South-South-East there, I say ware no more,
Wee are in danger of the Leeward shore.
Cleere your maine brace, let gae the bollin there,
Porte porte the healm hard, Rower, come noneere.
Then with a whiffe the winds ~~maine~~ doth puffe,
And then our Maister cride aluffe, aluffe,
Clap hard the helme a Lee, yea, yea, done, done,
Downe, downe a lowe into the hold quicke, runne.
The maine bend crackes, the planks and timbers breake,
Pump bullies, Carpenters quicke, stop the lake.
Well pumpt my hearts of gold, who saies amends,
The carefull Maister thus his throat he rends,
Contending gainst the winde and weathers force,
Till he with gaping and with toyle growes hoarse.
But since the Thund'ers high imperious bride,
Against *Aneas* had her anger tride,
(Excepting this) a Storme so full of rage,
Was neuer scene or heard in any age.

BVt when our losse of liues we most expected,
Then pow'rfull pow'r of pow'rs vs all protected,
The windes grew gentle that had blowne so stiffe,
Sterne *Eurus* hyed him Eastward with a whiffe,
And rugged *Boreas*, Northward trudg'd a pace,
Hamidious Auster, to the South did trace.
Sweete breathing *Zephrus* cride Westward hos,
Thus homeward all the furious windes did goe,
And as they scud they swept th'uncuen Maine
From gusts, and flawes, and leaues it smooth and plaine.
Like as the grasse in field, some short, some long,

Some

Faire and Fowle Weather.

Some greene, some dead, with witherd flowers among,
Vnequally in height some high some lowe,
Vntill the Mower equall all doth mowe,
Where long and short cut downe together lies,
And as it liues so it together dyes.
Wherewith the fithe (all sharpe and barbing keene)
The lab'rer shaues all euen, plaine and cleene.
So are the billowes, blew, and greene, and white,
By the winds home retreat all shauen quite.
That *Neptunes* angry browe, look'd milde and euen,
For Stormes and flawes before the windes were driuen.
Or as a measure fild with Oates or Rye
Vnstrooke and heap'd, doth lye confusedly,
Till at one stroake the Meater strikes it plaine,
And makes the measure equall with the graine:
So at one blow, the blowing of each winde,
Stooke Stormes before them, and left Calmes behinde,
That as bright *Tytan* in his Course did passe,
He made the Sea his amomours looking glasse.
And as himselfe had of himselfe a sight,
His shadow seem'd t'eclips his substance quite,
That he amazed ran, and ran amaz'd.
And gaz'd and wink'd, and wink'd againe and gaz'd,
That as *Narsissus* dyed by his owne error
So *Titan* was intangled in this mirror.
Vntill at last a curled woofsacke clowd
His glorious substance from his shade did throwde
Great *Neptune* to his Court descended deepe,
And layd his head in *Thetis* lap to sleepe.
We presently let no aduantage slip,
But nimble we rerig'd our vnrig'd shippe,
Our Courses, Bonnets, Drablers, Malts, and all
With speede we merily to mending fall,
And by Heau'ns fauour, and our willing paine,
Into the wished hau'n we gaine a chaine.
Where at an Anker we in safetie ride,
Secur'd from stormes and tempests, winde, and tide.

An Apologie for Sea-men, or the Description of
a Seavoyagers paines and adventures.

VF fluggard Muse from *Leathe's* lazy Lake,
And in plaine termes, a true Description make,
Of toyles, of dangers, and excessive paines,
That Sea-men suffer for the Land mens gains.
The one doth live a Shore, in wealth and ease,
The other furrowes through th'uncertaine Seas.
The one in pleasure lyes, and lyes at home,
The other cuts the raging salt-Sea fume.
The one adventures onely but his goods,
The other hazards all, both goods and bloods.
Mongst Pirates, tempests, rocks, fogs, gulfes, and shelves,
The Sea-men ventures all, and thats themselves.
The Land-man (dangerlesse) doth eate and sleepe,
The Sea-man steers and plowes the Ocean deepe.
The one fares hard, and harder he doth lye,
The other lyes and fares, soft, sweete, and dry.
The one with dauntlesse vnrebated courage,
Through greatest perils vallicently doth forrage,
And brings home Jewels, Silver Gold, and Pearles,
Tadorne both Court and Citie Dames, and Girles.
They set whole Kingdomes both at waies or peace,
They make wealth flowe, and plentie to encrease.
The Countries farre remote, they doe unite,
They make vs sharers in the worlds delight:
And what they get with paine, they spend in pleasure,
They are no Mizers, hoorders vp of treasure.
The oldest man alive, did neuer see
A Sailer and a Niggards minde agree,
No, if their paines at Sea were ten times more,
Tis all forgotten when they come a shore.
And this much I dare publish with my pen,
They are the best of Serviceable men,
The wals of Kingdomes, Castles of defence,
Against Inuasion of each forreigne Prince.
A torch lights not it selfe, yet waltes and burnes,
So they their liues spend, serving others turnes.
The Marchant sits at home, and casts vp summs,

And

An Apologie for Sea-men.

And reckons gaines and losse, what goes, what comes:
To what his whole aduentures may amount,
He Ciphers, numbers, and he casts Account.
And euery angy boystrous gust he heares
Disturbs his sleepe, and fills his heart with feares.
His goods at Sea awakes and startles him,
For with them, his estate doth sinke or swim.
But yet for all this heart-tormenting strife,
He's in no daunger of the losse of life
By cutthroate Sea-theeues, or a world of woes,
Which many a Sailers life and state or'throwes.
The Mariner abides the desperate shocks
Of winde and weather, Pirates, sands and rocks:
And what they get, they freely spend away,
A whole months wages, in a night, or day.
Their labours on the Sea, they leaue a shore,
And when all's spent, then to't againe for more:
And pittie tis there should be such neglect
Of such, whose seruice merits such respect.
Whole spawnes of Land-sharks, and of gilded Guls,
Of painted Mammets, and ilfauour'd truis,
Will hold their noses and cry fogh and fye,
When seruiceable Marriners passe by:
And then (their stomacks somewhat more to ease)
What stinking tarlubbers (quoth they) are these.
Then Mistis Fumpe troubled with the stich,
She's poysoned with the smell of tarre and pitch.
Some Frankinsence, or Iuniper, oh quick,
Make haste I say, the Gentlewoman's sicke.
And Mounfier Puffepast with the sattin slop,
That sits in a Tobacco-sellers shop,
And makes a stinke worse then a brace of Beares:
When with a whiffe his witleffe worship swears,
How Sailers are Rude fellowes, and dee smell,
Of pitch and tarre worse then the smoke of hell.
But were the case now, as I erst haue knowne,
That vse of men should haue their seruice showne;
One Marriner would then doe much more good,
Then twentie of these Sattin Milk-sop brood.

An Appologie for Sea-men.

Of all men then the Nauigator can,
For King and Countries cause, best play the man:
And howsoere they smell of tarre and pitch,
Their painefull toyles doe make great Kingdomes rich.
If we by foraine Warre should be annoyed,
Then chiefly Marriners must be imployed,
They on the Sea must bide the fiercest brunt,
Grim death and danger they must first affront.
One fight at Sea, with Ships couragious mand,
Is more then three great battels on the Land.
There men must stand to't, theres no way to fly,
There must they Conqu'ers liue. or Conquerd die.
And if they dye not by some launching wound,
They are in hazard to be sunke and drown'd.
The murdring bullets, and the brinish waues,
Are many a valliant Sea-mans death and graues.
And tis a lamentable case to thinke,
How these mens seruiceable number shrinke,
Decreasing and consuming euery day,
Where one doth breede, at least fowre doe decay,
Some the Sea swallowes, but that which most grieues,
Some turne Sea-monsters, Pirates, roauing theeues:
Imploying their best skill in Nauigation,
Gainst their owne Prince, and kin, and natie Nation,
By which meanes many a Marchant is vndone,
And Pirates nere the better for whats won.
For if (like *Mosse* his Mare) they be catcht napping,
They bid the world their last farewell at Wapping.
Which fatall Hauen, hath as many slaine,
As could disturbe and shake the power of Spaine:
And want of meanes, but (chiefly want of grace)
Hath made so many perish in that place.
But to conclude my Ryme, with heart and speach,
I doe my God (for Iesus sake) beseech,
That he for Sailors will vouchsafe to please,
To graunt them good imployment on the Seas.
So honest salt-Sea-watermen adiewe,
I haue bin, am, and will be still for you.

Whilst I live, JOHN TAYLOR.
F I N I S.

